ELYNOVR RVMMIN,

The famous Ale-wife of *England*.

Written by Mr. *Skelton*, Poet Laureat to King *Henry* the egiht.

When Skelton *wore the Lawrell Crowne,*
My Ale put all the Ale-wiues downe.

LONDON,
Printed for *Samuel Rand*. 1624.

EB

KELTON'S GHOST.

TO all Tapſters and Tiplers,
And all Ale-houſe Vitlers,
Inne-keepers, and Cookes,
That for pot-ſale lookes,
And will not giue meaſure,
But at your owne pleaſure,
Contrary to Law,
Scant meaſure will draw,
In Pot, and in Canne,
To cozen a Man
Of his full Quart a penny,
Of you there's to many:
For in King *Harry's* time,
When I made this Rime
Of *Elynor Rumming*,
With her good Ale tunning;
Our Pots were full quarted,
We were not thus thwarted,
With froth-Canne and nick-pot,
And ſuch nimble quick-ſhot,

That a dowzen will ſcore,
For twelue pints, and no more.
Full *Wincheſter* gage,
We had in that age,
The Dutchmans ſtrong Beere,
Was not hopt ouer heere;
To vs 'twas vnknowne.
Bare Ale of our owne,
In a Bowle we might bring,
To welcome the King,
And his grace to beſeech,
With *Waſſall my Leigh.*
Nor did that time know
To puffe and to blow
In a peece of white clay,
As you doe at this day,
With fier and coale,
And a leafe in a hole,
As my Ghoſt hath late ſeene,
As I walked betweene
Weſtminſter Hall
And the Church of Saint *Paul*,
And ſo thorow the Citie,
Where I ſaw and did pitty,
My Countrymens caſes,
With fiery-ſmoke faces,

Sucking

Sucking and drinking
A fylthie Weede ſtinking
Was ne're knowne before
Till the Deuill, and the More,
In th' Indies did meete,
And each other there greete,
With a health they deſire
Of ſtinke, ſmoake and fier:
But who e're doth abhorre it,
The Citie ſmoakes for it;
Now full of fier ſhops,
And fowle ſpitting chops,
So neeſing and coughing,
That my Ghoſt fell to ſcoffing,
And to my ſelfe ſaid,
Here's filthy fumes made:
Good Phyſicke of force
To cure a ſicke horſe.
Nor had we ſuch ſlops,
And ſhagge-haire on our tops:
At wearing long haire,
King *Harry* would ſweare,
And gaue a command
With ſpeede out of hand,
All heads ſhould be powl'd,
Aſwell young as old,

And his owne was firſt ſo,
Good enſample to ſhow.
Y'are ſo out of faſhion,
I know not our Nation,
Your Ruffes and your Bands,
And your Cuffes at your hands,
Your Pipes and your ſmokes,
And your ſhort curtall Clokes,
Scarfes, Feathers, and Swerds,
And thin bodkin Beards;
Your Waſtes a ſpan long,
Your knees with points hung,
Like Morris-daunce Bels,
And many toyes els,
Which much I diſtaſte,
But *Skelton's* in haſte.
My Maſters, Farewell,
Reade ouer my *Nell*,
And tell what you thinke
Of her and her drinke;
If ſhee had brew'd amiſſe,
I had neuer wrote this.

THE

THE TVNNING OF ELYNOVR OF RVMMING.

TEll you I chill, if that you will,
A While be ſtill, of a merry Gyll,
That dwelt on a Hill, but ſhe is not grill:
For ſhe is ſomwhat ſage, & well worne in age,
For her viſage it would aſſwage
A mans courage.
Her lothly leere, is nothing cleere,
But vgly of cheere, droupy and drowſie,
Scuruy and lowſie, her face all bowſie;
Comely cryncled, wondrouſly wrinckled,
Like a roaſt Pigges eare, briſtled with haire,
Her lewd lips twaine, they ſlauer men ſayne
Like a ropie rayne.
A gummy glaire, ſhe is vgly faire,
Her Noſe ſomedeale hooked, and camouſly crooked,
Neuer ſtopping, but euer dropping,
Her Skin looſe and ſlacke, grain'd like a ſacke,
With a crooked backe.
Her Eyne gowndy, are full vnſoundy,
For they are bleared, and ſhe gray-haired,
Iawed like a Ietty, a man would haue pitty,
To ſee how ſhee's gumd, fingerd and thumbd,

Gently

Gently ioynted, greas'd and annointed
Vp to the knuckels, the bones her buckels
Together made faſt, her youth is farre paſt.
Footed like a plane, legg'd like a Crane,
And yet ſhe will iet, like a iolly ſet,
In her furred flocket, and gray ruffled rocket,
With ſymper the cocket.
Her Huke of Lyncolne greene, it had bin hers I weene
More then fortie yeare, and ſo it doth appeare,
The greene bare threeds, looke like ſeere weedes
Witherd like hay, the wooll worne away,
And yet I dare ſay, ſhe thinkes her ſelfe gay,
Vpon the holyday, when ſhe doth her aray,
And girdeth in her geetes, ſtitched with pleetes;
Her Kirtill Briſtow red, with clothes on her hed,
That waigh a ſow of lead.
Writhen in a wonder wiſe, after the Sarſans guiſe,
With a whim wham, knit with a trim tram,
Vpon her brain-pan, like au *Egyptian*
Capped about, when ſhe goeth out
Her ſelfe for to ſhew, ſhe driueth downe the dew
With a paire of heeles, as broad as two wheeles;
Shee hobbles like a Gooſe, with her blauked hoſe,
Her ſhoone ſmeerd with tallow greaſed vpon dyrt,
That baudeth her skirt.

Primus Paſſus.

And this comely dame, I vnderſtand her name
Is *Elynour Rumming* at home in her wonning,
And as men ſay, ſhe dwelt in *Sothray*,
In a certaine ſteed, beſide *Lederhede*.

Shee is a Tonniſh gib, the deuill and ſhe be ſib,
But to make vp my tale, ſhee brueth nappy ale,
And makes thereof pot-ſale.
To Trauellers and Tinkers, to ſweaters and ſwinkers
And all good-Ale drinkers, that will nothing ſpare,
But drinke till they ſtare, and bring themſelues bare,
With now away the Mare, and let vs ſley care,
As wiſe as an hare.
Come who ſo will, to *Elinour* on the hiil,
With fill the cup fill and ſit thereby ſtill
Early and late, thither comes *Kate*,
Ciſly and *Sare*, with their legs bare,
And alſo their feete, hardly vnſweet.
With their heeles dagged, their kirtles all to iagged,
Their ſmockes all to ragged.
With titters and tatters, bring diſhes and platters,
Withall their might running, to *Elinour Rummyng*,
To haue of her Tunning.
Shee giues them of the ſame, and thus begins the game,
Some wenches vnbraced, and ſome all vnlaced,
With their naked paps, their flips and flaps,
It wigs and it wags, like tawny ſaffron bags;
A ſort of foule drabs, all ſcuruie with ſcabs,
Some be flye-bitten, ſome skew'd like a kytten.
Some with a ſhoe-clout, binde their heads about;
Some haue no haire-lace, their lockes about their face,
Their treſſes vntruſt, all full of vnluſt,
Some looke ſtrawry, ſome cawry mawry;
Some vntydie tegges, like rotten egges,
Such a lewd ſort to *Elinour* reſort,
From tide to tide, abide, abide,
And to you ſhall be told, how her Ale is ſold
To Mawte and to Mold.

Secundus Passus.

Some haue no money, that thither cominy
For their Ale to pay, that is a shrewd aray:
Elinour sweares nay, ye beare not away
My Ale for nought, by him that me bought,
With hey dogge hey, haue these dogges away,
With get me a staffe, the swine eat all my draffe,
Strike the Hogs with a club, they haue drunke vp my tub;
For be there neuer so much prese, the swine go to the hy dese
The sow with her pigges, the bore his taile wrigges,
Against the high bench, with fough heres a stench,
Gather vp then wench, seest thou not what's fall,
Take vp dirt and all, and beare out of the hall,
God giue it ill preeuing, clenly as euill chieuing,
But let vs turne plaine, where we left againe,
For as ill a patch as that, the hens run in the mash-fat;
For they goe to roust, straight ouer the ale iust,
And dong when it comes, in the ale tonnes:
Then *Elinour* taketh the mash-boule, and shaketh
The hens dong away, and scomes it in a tray
Where the yeast is, with her mangie fistis,
And sometime she blens the dong of her hens
And the ale together, and saies Gossip come hither,
This ale shall be thicker, and flower the more quicker,
For I may tell you, I learn'd it of a *Iew*,
When I began to brew, and I haue found it trew,
Drinke now while it is new,
And ye may it brooke, it shall make you looke
Yonger then you be, yeares two or three,
For ye may proue it by me, behold I say and see

How

How bright I am of blee,
Ich am not caſt away, that can my husband ſay,
When we kiſſe and play in luſt and in liking,
He cals me his whiting, his mulling and his mittine,
His nobbes and his conny, his ſweeting and honny,
With Baſſe my pretty bonny, thou art worth good & mony,
This make I my ſalyre fanny, till he dreame and dronny,
For after all our ſport, then will he rout and ſnort,
Then ſweetly together we lye, as two pigges in a ſtye,
To ceaſe me ſeemeth beſt of this tale to reſt,
And leaue this letter, becauſe it is no better,
Becauſe 'tis no ſweeter, we will no farther rime
Of it at this time, but we will turne plaine,
Where we left againe.

Tertius Paſſus.

In ſteede of quoine and mony, ſome bring her a conny,
And ſome a pot with honny, ſome a ſalt, ſome a ſpone,
Some their hoſe, ſome their ſhoone, ſome ran a good trot,
With skillet or pot, ſome fill a bagge full
Of good Lemſter wooll, an huſwife of truſt,
When ſhe is a thirſt, ſuch a web can ſpin,
Her thrift is full thin.
Some goe ſtraight thither, be it ſlaty or ſlidder,
They hold the high-way, they care not what men ſay,
Be they as be may. Some loth to be eſpide,
Start in at the backſide, Ouer hedge and pale,
And all for good ale, ſome ran till they ſweat,
And bring Malt or Wheat, and *Ellinour* entteate,
To byrle them of the beſt; then comes another gueſt,
Shee ſwear'd by the roode of reſt, her lips are ſo dry,

Without drinke she must die, therefore fill by and by,
And haue her pecke of Rye.
Anon comes another, as dry as the tother,
And with her doth bring meale, salt, or other thing,
Girdle or wedding ring, to pay for her scot,
As comes to her lot: Some brings their husbands hood,
Because the Ale is good; another brought his cap
To offer at the Ale-tap, with flaxe and with toe,
And some brought sower dowe, with hey and with hoe,
Sit we downe arow, and drinke till we blow,
And pipe tirly, tirly lowe.
Some lai'd to pledge, their hatchet and their wedge,
Their hickell and their reele, their rocke & spinning wheele,
And som went so narrow, they laid to pledge their wharrow,
Their ribskin and spindle, their needle and thimble;
Heere was scant thirst, when they made such shift,
Their thirst was so great, they neuer asked for meat,
But drinke still drinke, and let the cat winke,
Let vs wash our gummes from the dry crummes.

Quartus Passus.

Some for very neede lay downe a skaine of threed,
Some beanes and pease, some chaffer doth ease;
Sometime now and than, another there ran
With a good brasse pan, her cullour full wan;
Shee ran in all haste, vnbrac'd and vnlaste,
Tawny swart and sallow, like a cake of tallow,
I sweare by all-hallow, It was a stare to take
The Deuill in a brake.
Then came halting *Ione*, and brought a Gambone
Of Bacon that was restie, but Lord how testie,

Angry

Angry and waſpie, ſhe began to yawne and gaſpie,
And bad *Elinour* goe bet, and fill in good met,
It was deere that was farre fet.
Another brought a ſpicke, of a Bacon ſlicke,
Her tongue was very quicke, but ſhe ſpake ſomewhat thicke.
Her fellow did ſtammer and ſtut, but ſhe was a foule ſlut;
For her mouth foamed, and her belly groaned.
Ione ſaine ſhe had eaten a fyeſt, queane (quoth ſhe) thou lyeſt,
I haue as ſweete a breath, as thou with ſhamefull death,
Then *Elinour* ſaid, ye Callets, I ſhall breake your pallets,
Without you now ceaſe, and ſo was made a drunken peace.
Then came drunken *Ales*, and ſhe was full of tales
Of tidings in Walles, and St. *Iames* in Gales,
And of the *Portingales*, with loe Goſſip I wis,
Thus and thus it is, there hath beene great warre
Betweene Temple Barre and the Croſſe in Cheape,
And there came a heape of Mill-ſtones in a rout,
Shee ſpeaketh thus in her ſnout, ſniueling in her noſe,
As though ſhe had the poſe, loe here is an old tippet,
You ſhall giue me a ſippet of your ſtrong Ale,
And God ſend good ſale, and as ſhe was drinking,
Shee fell in a winking with a barly hood,
Shee piſt where ſhe ſtood, then began ſhe to weepe,
And forthwith fell a ſleepe: *Elinour* tooke her vp,
And bleſt her with a Cup of new Ale in cornes,
Ales found therein no thornes, but ſupt it vp at once,
Shee found therein no bones.

Quintus Paſſus.

Now in commeth another rable, firſt one with a ladle
Another with a cradle, and with a ſide-ſadle
And there began a fable, a clattering and a bable,
Of ſoles ſilly, that had a ſole with willy,

With iaſt you and gup gilly, ſhe could not lie ſtilly,
Then came in a Gennet, and ſware by Saint *Bennet*,
I dranke not this ſennet, a draught to my pay,
Elinour I thee pray, of thy ale let me aſſay,
And haue here a pelch of gray; I weare skins of conny,
That cauſeth I looke ſo donny: another then did hitch-her,
And brought a pottell pitcher, a tonnell and a bottell,
But ſhe had loſt the ſtoppell, ſhe cut of her ſhooe-ſole;
And ſtopt therewith the hole.
Among all the blommer, another brought a ſcommer,
A frying pan, and ſlice, *Elinour* made the price
For good ale each whit, then ſtart in mad *Kit*,
That had little wit, Shee ſeemed ſome-deale ſeeke,
And brought a penny cheeke, to Dame *Elinour*,
For a draught of liquour.
Then *Margery* milke-ducke, her kirtle did vp tucke,
An ynch aboue her knee, her legges that ye might ſee,
But they were ſturdy & ſtubled, mighty peſtels and clubbed,
As faire and as white as the foote of a Kite;
She was ſome-what foule, crooked neck'd like an Owle,
And yet ſhe brought her fees, a cantle of Eſſex cheeſe,
Was well a foot thicke, full of magots quicke,
It was huge and great, and mightie ſtrong meat
For the Deuill to eate, it was tart and punieate.
Another ſort of ſluts; ſome brought Walnuts,
Some apples, ſome peares, and ſome their clipping ſheares,
Some brought this & that, ſome brought I wot nere what,
Some brought their husbands hat:
Some puddings and linkes, ſome trip: that ſtinkes.
But of all this throng, one came them among,
Shee ſeem'd halfe a Leach, and began to preach
Of the Tueſday in the weeke, when the Mare doth kicke,

The vertue of an vnſet-leeke, and her husbands breeke,
With the feathers of a Quaile, ſhe could to bord on ſaile,
And with good Ale barme, ſhe could make a charme,
To helpe withall a ſtitch, ſhe ſeemed to be a Witch;
Another brought two goſlings, that were naughty froſlings,
Some brought them in a wallet, ſhe was a comely callet,
The goſlings were vntide, *El'nour* began to chide,
They be wrethocke thou haſt brought, and ſhire-ſhaking nought.

Sextus Paſſus.

Maud ruggie thither skipped, ſhe was vgly hipped,
And vgly thicke lipped, like an Onyon ſided,
Like tan'd-leather hided, ſhe had her ſo guided,
Betweene the cup and the wall, ſhe was there-withall
Into a palzie fall:
With that her head ſhaked, and her hands quaked,
Ones heart would haue aked, to haue ſeene her naked,
She dranke ſo of the dregs, the dropſie was in her legs;
Her face gliſtring like glaſſe, all foggie fat ſhe was;
She had alſo the gout in all her ioints about,
Her breath was ſower and ſtale, and ſmelled all of ale,
Such a bed-fellow would make one caſt his craw;
But yet for all that, ſhe dranke on the maſh-fat,
There came an old ribibe, ſhe halred of a kibe,
And had broken her ſhin, at the threſhold comeing in,
And fell ſo wide open, one might ſee her token,
The Deuill thereon be wroken, what need all this be ſpoken,
She yelled like a calfe, riſe vp on Gods halfe
Said *Elinour Rumming*, I beſhrew thee for comming;
As ſhe at her did plucke, quacke, quacke, ſaid the Ducke
In that Lampatrams lap, with fie couer the ſhap,
With ſome flip flap, God giue it ill hap,
Said *Ellinour* for ſhame, like an honeſt Dame:

Vp ſhe ſtart halfe lame, and ſcantly could goe,
For paine and for woe.
In came another dant, with a Gooſe and a Gant,
Shee had a wide weſant, ſhe was nothing pleaſant,
Necked like an Elephant, it was a Bullifant,
A greedy Gormeſant.
Another brought Garlike-heads, another brought her bead
Of Iet or of Cole, to offer to the Ale pole.
Some brought a wimble, and ſome brought a thymble:
Some brought a ſilke lace, and ſome a pin-caſe:
Some her husbands Gowne, ſome a Pillow of downe;
And all this ſhift they make for the good Ale ſake.
Then ſtart forth a Phiſgigge, and ſhe brought a Bore-pigge,
The fleſh thereof was ranke, and her breath ſtrongly ſtanke,
Yet ere ſhe went ſhe dranke, and gate her great thanke
Of *Elinour* for her ware, that ſhe thither bare,
To pay for her ſhare. Now truly to my thinking,
This was a ſolemne drinking.

Septimus Paſſus.

Soft quoth one hight *Sibbill*,
Firſt let me with you bibbill;
Shee ſate downe in the place
With a ſorry face,
Whey-wormed about,
Garniſhed was her ſnout,
With here and there a puſcull,
Like a ſcabbed muſcull:
This Ale ſaid ſhe is noppy,
Let vs ſipp and ſoppy,
And not ſpill a droppy,
For ſo mote I hoppy,
It cooleth will my coppy.

Dame *Ellinour* said shee,
Haue, here's for me,
A clout of London pins,
And with that she begins
The pot to her plucke,
And dranke a good lucke,
She swing'd vp a quart
At once for her part:
Her paunch was so puffed
And so with ale stuffed,
Had she not hyed a pace,
She had defiled the place.
Then began the sport-bed
Amongst the drunken sort,
Dame *Ellinour* said they,
Lend here a locke of hay,
To make all things cleane,
You wot well what I meane.
But sir among all:
That sate in that Hall,
There was a prick me dainty
Sate like a Sainty,
And began to painty,
As though she would fainty,
She made it as coy
As a lege demoy,
She was not halfe so wise
As she was peeuish nice,
She said neuer a word,
But rose from the bord,
And called for our Dame,
Ellinour by name.

We ſuppoſed I wis,
That ſhe roſe to piſſe,
But the very ground,
Was to compound
With *Ellinour* in the ſpence,
To pay for her expence,
I haue no penny nor groat,
To pay ſaid ſhe, God wot,
For waſhing of my throat,
But my Beades of amber,
Beare them to your chamber.
Then *Ellinour* did them hide
Within her bed-ſide;
But ſome ſate right ſad,
That nothing had,
There of their owne,
Neither gelt nor pawne,
Such were there manny,
That had not a peny:
But when they ſhould walke,
Were faine with a chalke,
To ſcore on the balke,
Or ſcore on the taile,
God giue it ill haile,
For my fingers itch,
I haue written to mych,
Of this mad mumming
Of *Ellinour Rummyng*.
Thus endeth the geſt,
Of this worthy feaſt.

FINIS.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION